

A DIALOGUE between my Lord B---ke and my Lord W---on;  
Concerning the coming over of the Duke of M---gh. 92

B---ke. I can't but admire what a pleasant simpering appears in your Lordship's Face: Pray what do's your Oracle the *Flying-Post* say? Or have your Lordship met with some admirable witty Expression in the *Lover*? 816. m. 19.

W---on. No, my Lord, I ha'n't yet read the *Lover*; but the *News* informs us that his G---ce the D. of M---h was coming over, to face all, even his most inveterate Enemies, and you may depend on't you'll find him a True Born Englishman, Rally till he gets the Victory, which never yet yielded to any Man.

B. Because he never yet encountered with an Englishman (a Diamond is the only thing to cut a Diamond) and now he'll be fought with his own Weapons.

W. You may feed your self with as many Fancies as you please, but if ever you offer to call him to Account again, there is L--- who has receiv'd a very large Fee, (remember we've no occasion to starve the Cause) and he'll besure to set you all forth in your proper Colours, while he declares in open Court, your ingratitude to a Man of so much Worth and Honour: So you may begin as soon as you think convenient; for while you brag of your Politicks, and Fight, giving the Watch-Word, An dolus, an virtus—quis in hoste nequit? Who will enquire whether the Enemy be conquer'd by Deceit or Valour? We'll fight, saying, Argentis pugna telis ac omnia Vincas. He that fights with silver Bullets will conquer all things.

B. I must acknowledge that he and his Party are able to arm Men enough with French Pistoles to conquer a whole Nation, were they Judas's, W---s, Occasional Conformists, &c. But God be prais'd we shall shortly convert all those Sects by the wholesome Act against Schism. Our Sovereign is no more to be told, nor Councils to be betray'd by a perfidious Consort to an ungrateful Wretch: No, you will but spend your Ammunition against Horace's Brazen Wall — *Hic Murus aeneus esto. Nil conscire sibi sibi nulla pallefcere culpa.* Let this be your Brazen Wall, to be conscious to your self of no Evil: and you may please to remember an ill Proverb that's on your side, *Ill gotten Goods seldom thrive.* So that in short I cannot but believe, your Cause is now like a Candle got within the Socket, which gives a great Lustre being just at the point of extinguishing: And so, my Lord, Farewel; for the proof of the Pudding is in the Eating.

W. If your Lordship is not in too great haste, I should be glad to talk a little further upon the Subject in hand.

B. No, my Lord, I'm not in so much haste, but I'll spare half an hour to oblige your Lordship. W. Is your Lordship of opinion that the Gentlemen at the Helm will use their utmost Efforts to get a second Charge laid against his G---ce? Pray can, or will your Lordship inform me, what they may charge him withal? What Accusations can be laid against him, and which way an Indictment may be lodg'd.

B. I would oblige your Lordship in any thing that is reasonable, but I never yet betray'd my Trust, and I'm afraid if it should come to his G---ce's Ears what a large Bill may be brought against him, that he might evade J---ce, by keeping out of the way.

W. I can't imagine what they can do more than they have already; for 'tis my Opinion, if there had been any Law that would have touch'd either his Person, Dignity, or Estate, they'd never have permitted him so quietly to withdraw and relinquish the Kingdom, before they had brought his Nose to the Grindstone.

B. Your Thoughts and mine are vastly different, and I know no way to reconcile them but by leaving it to time to discover who is in the right: But your Lordship is not insensible that there are several hundred Thousands which must be accounted for, and in short I don't think it advisable for your Lordship to intermeddle, least you should fall under the same Scourge; for there is a Rod in Piss for —.

W. Well, well, your Lordship may be as jocular as you please, but remember, *Madam Fortune is a meer Jilt, and that the Wheel is still upon the same Axis.*

And Tho' Aurora smiles, Notus bluster may,

And Vesper rage, the Evening crowns the Day.

B. If your Lordship will Buoy your self up with those Notions I can't help it, but let Fortune be ever so unconstant, we still shall remain out of her reach, being true Loyalists: For

Loyalty is still the same,

True as a Dial to the Sun,

Whether it win or lose the Game:

Altho' it be not shone upon.

And I'm well assur'd that there will be great care taken how, and to whom the Staff is deliver'd; for the *Burnt Child* dreads the Fire.

W. Well, if things must be carry'd

Vi & Armis, per fas & nefas, I can't help it.

B. Hold there, my Lord, the Ministry is now so pure and undefiled, that it designs nothing but Equity and Justice: But

since I perceive your Lordship is going into an heat, and I being in haste, must bid your Lordship Adieu.

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